A THOUSAND MILES WITH AN ARMY OF SHEEP.

By R. H. Daly, of Omaha, Neb.

I have for years been engaged at various times in the handling of sheep, being what is called a "sheep feeder." A "feeder" is a man who receives sheep from the ranges into the feed-lots, where they are fattened for market; and he is distinguished from a "breeder," who grows his sheep on the range. Some years since I contracted with a Mexican gentleman living in Santa Fe, in New Mexico, to buy 30,000 New Mexico sheep. Owing to some difficulties with the railroad company in the matter of feight rates I determined to have the sheep "trailed through" to Nebraska, which in Western parlance means driving them overland. My ranch and feed lots were at that time located at Stevenson, in Central Nebraska; and it was my intention to get the sheep to my yards, there fatten them on grain, and then send them to the Omaha market.

I had contracted for the sheep in the spring, and if I had consigned them by train I should not have received them all before October. But as I decided to "trail" them in, it was necessary to receive them in the spring, for the drive would certainly take close upon six months.

A FEW "SMALL LOTS" OF THE GREAT ARMY STRIKING ACROSS THE PLAINS.

In the month of April I engaged my men; I also bought two good heavy carts as "grug wagons;" four strong mules, and two good saddle-horses, together with all camp utensils and other necessities for the trip. The wagons, mules, etc., I sent down to Santa Fe by freight. My men sent at the same time their tarpaulins and blankets. Two men next went down with the goods and animals to take care of them. The others followed with me a little later on a passenger train. Altogether there were seventeen men in my employ detailed to bring the sheep through. Two were to act as foremen, two as cooks, and the others as herders. It was necessary to divide the sheep into two flocks for driving; hence the two foremen and cooks. I bought my supplies in Nebraska, because I could get them cheaper there than in Santa Fe, and, besides, I was sure of getting what I wanted.

Arrived at Santa Fe, we immediately set about getting the sheep together ready for their long drive. The Mexican with whom I had contracted for the 30,000 had, in turn, sub-contracted with numerous small Mexican ranchmen for the required number. His agreement with me was to deliver at Santa Fe the specified number and quality of animals. There were several reasons for buying in this way. For example, the Mexicans in the outlying distrits know nothing of money drafts and cheques, and gold would have to accompany every purchase. And to traverse these wild hills and canons with money in one's possession would be positive madness, unless, indeed, one had a well-armed company as a body-guard.

Well, the small bands of sheep were speedily brought in and grazed around the town, until finally my Mexican told me through his interpreter that he was ready to hand over the lot. These grandees, by the way, usually profess not to speak English, and so all negotiations have to be conducted through an interpreter.

I had bought 18,000 lambs and 12,000 two and three-year-old wethers. We first undertook to count the wethers. The flock, or band as it is termed there, was "rounded up" and got ready to run through the corrals. Two flimsy corrals were constructed, side by side, with only a division fence between them. From the first corral a V-chute with a narrow gate at the end led into the second. The sheep were driven into the first pen or corral until it was filled, and then were counted through the chute into the second. One thing which added to the difficulty of counting was the fact that the corral was not large enough to hold the whole number at once. I had to count part of them first, and then turn them out and hold them together while I counted the rest. It turned out later that this gave us plenty to do, and besides, gave abundant chances for fraud. From what follows you will understand why I do not give the Mexican's name. The corral was filled with sheep and I took my station at the chute to count as they streamed through. Now, it is dizzy work counting sheep. I could count up to about 500, and then I would become so dizzy watching the swiftly moving stream of animals that I would have suddenly to shut the gate that closed the narrow exit, which was just wide enough for a sheep to pass through. This done, I would jot down the number in my note-book and then let my foreman, John Martin, take my place as long as he could stand it. We were getting along nicely, and had counted up to 6000, when Martin made an unpleasant discovery. The gate which was the entrance to the first corral was next to the partition fence, and the "greaser" who was tending the gate was forcing sheep through the loose fence back into the first corral, when they would be counted the second time!

CHARLES TAYLOR, ONE OF THE CHIEF HERDERS, WHOSE CURIOUS NARRATIVE MR. DALY HERE SETS FORTH.

Martin at once informed me of the fraud, and I stopped the count and hailed our Mexican friend. To our accusations he replied with a dignified "No sabe." Martin then hustled up the swarthy interpreter, and we gave them some lively talk, but it left the senor quite undisturbed. The interpreter finally told us the greaser "wouldn't do it again," but that did not settle for what had been recounted. The delay was annoying and it took us the whole of that day to count the 12,000 wethers and get them out so we could hold them safely that night.

The next morning the wethers were started on their thousand-mile trip to Nebraska. The 12,000 animals were divided into five bands, each in charge of a herder on foot. One extra man went along to act as night watch. The cook traveled in the wagon, and the foreman of the gang, Tom Barrett, rode on horseback.

The day after starting the wethers Martin and I undertook to count the 18,000 lambs. As on the first day, we were well under way when we discovered another fraud. One of my men detected a "greaser" in the act of driving a small band, which had been counted and turned out, around through a ravine and back towards the host of sheep waiting to enter the first corral. We stopped the swindler in time, however. I then scattered my men out at all points where fraud might be attempted, and then proceeded with the count.

The morning after we had counted the lambs we stated them after the others. I hired a horse from a Santa Fe stable and went with them for a short distance, riding on ahead with Martin to overtake the first outfit. Convinced that the men knew their business and would make the great divide without serious trouble, I returned to Santa Fe. Then, as my business interests would not permit of longer absence, I returned to Nebraska by rail. As to the details of the trip, Mr. Charles Taylor, who was one of my herders and is still in my employ, will give them:

I started as a herder with the bunch of lambs which Mr. Daly had bought in Santa Fe, and was with the outfit for the whole trip. There were some features of the trip which might have been called hardships, but I myself enjoyed it. I have worked with sheep the greater part of ten years, and do not mind a little inconvenience.

Our 18,000 lambs were run in six bands, with a herder in charge of each; so there were five herders besides myself. Mr. Martin was foreman of our crew, Frank Willis was cook on our wagon, and John Norris was night herder. We left Santa Fe on the 1st day of May, and the weather was hot. On the second day we discovered that the wethers which were ahead of us were getting the best of the feed and not leaving enough tender stuff for our lambs. They were travelling slowly, and Mr.

WITH THIS SMALL OUTFIT THE MEN ACCOMPLISHED THEIR GREAT TASK OF DRIVING 30,000 SHEEP A THOUSAND MILES.

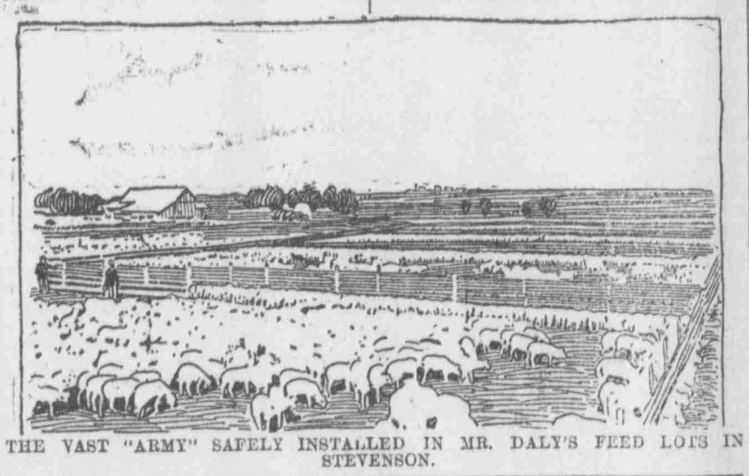
Martin determined to get ahead. So we made a night drive, overtook them, made a circuit around their camp, and the next morning our lambs were leading the way.

New Mexico is always a dry region, and the spring had been unusually dry, so that the grass was not very good and the dust something terrible. Dust, by the way, is always the worst feature of the trail. The cloud that hangs over the flock looks, from a distance, like the smoke from a prairie fire. Our faces were black most of the time. We all wore eye shields of tinted isinglass to protect our eyes, otherwise some of us might have gone blind.

After we had passed Las Vegas, some fifty miles from Santa Fe, we began to descend from the high levels to the lower plains, and the hills were almost impassable.

From Las Vegas on into Colorado the grass was burned brown with the drought, and water was scarce. Of course we had to depend on ponds or streams for our water supply. Some of it was pretty thick—"thick enough," the boys said, "to carry in a gunny-sack." But a man is not at all particular when he is "on the trail." Sheep are not heavy drinkers and can do without water if there are heavy dews on the grass, but on this occasion the air was so dry that dews were very light, and much of the time there were none at all. Finally, we were without water altogether, and for five days the sheep had no water at all. We hoarded the little we had, but at length it was all gone. For two whole days, in intense July heat, we hadn't a drop for ourselves. The sheep had been five days without water when we approached the Canadian River. We were fully a mile from the bank when the poor animals scented the water and stampeded. We did our very best, but we might as well have tried to stop the wind. In one mad whirling rush, gathering speed as they went, the bands crowded together and reached the river in a dense, struggling mass. They plunged in, climbing over each other, and piling up until it looked as if we might lose them all. We, of course, plunged after them, towing, dragging, and throwing sheep out of the river, until every man was quite exhausted. When we got the flock out of the tangle we found there was no fewer than 800 lambs drowned. Mr. Martin rode back to warn the other outfit to hold their bands at a safe distance from the river and bring on one band at a time. This was done, and so they were able to get across without loss.

Of course we had to replenish our stores occasionally, and our cook would go across country to some town near us when we needed something. Our principal fare was bread, bacon and gravy. Bread was baked every day in the big camp kettle. It might be supposed that we had mutton for dinner sometimes, but we did not, though we had nearly 30,000 sheep in front of us. Very few sheep men will eat mutton. I myself would have to be very hungry indeed to eat it.



THE VAST "ARMY" SAFELY INSTALLED IN MR. DALY'S FEED LOTS IN STEVENSON.

We followed no roads, but struck out across open country wherever forage was good. At night we always tried to find a hillside for the camp. Sheep have a great many peculiar notions, and will only lie down quietly on a hillside. We made only about eight miles a day, as we gave the sheep plenty of time to graze. While the rest of us slept the night watch went his rounds, moving about the edge of the camp and keeping a sharp look-out for wolves. Both our outfit and the flock of wethers were managed in the same way.

Passing through Colorado we often had to cross ranches, for there is but little open range left in the eastern part of the State. And sometimes we were hard pressed to keep from damaging crops. On several occasions ranchmen demanded small damages, which Mr. Martin always paid.

It was early summer when we started, and we kept on through midsummer in the dry heat and alkali dust till the grass was browned by frost. Across Nebraska we took the straightest line for the Platte River to get water. We reached the river opposite North Platte—the very first town I had seen in a journey of nine hundred miles.

On one occasion we approached a large cornfield, and found that we could save three miles by going through it instead of around. Martin said, simply, "Take 'em through," and we did. On the farther side stood a man with a shot-gun waiting for us.

"What's the damage?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Twenty dollars, and not a cent less," answered the farmer. Martin paid him the money and on we went.

We reached the little town of Stevenson on the evening of the last day of September—just five months from the day we started. The second bunch had overtaken us, and we went through the town with our twenty-nine thousand odd sheep. The fog of dust we raised nearly smothered the town.

I enjoyed the whole drive, and we all came through in the best of health. I found I had gained twenty pounds in weight and never felt better.

(Signed) CHAS. TAYLOR.

The sheep came through their thousand-mile drive in good condition—much better than if they had been "shipped" in. Since that time many other sheepmen have followed my example and trailed in their sheep.—The Wide World Magazine.

"LITTLE INDIAN PRINCESS."

Something About Lenora Porter's Rare Accomplishments.

"The Little Indian Princess" is the sobriquet applied to Miss Lenora Porter, the twelve-year-old daughter of General Pleasanton Porter, chief of the Creek Indians and the wisest man of the five civilized tribes.

Miss Porter is heiress to nearly $1,000,000 and the most beautiful Indian child in Indian Territory, according to unanimous vote of the photographers. She is highly accomplished and can play and sing with the skill of a professional. The Indians call her princess. She is a half-blood Creek. She lives with her parents in the "white house" of the Creeks at Okmulgee, and every spring entertains the children of the tribe at a May party on the capitol grounds, where they crown her "queen of the May."

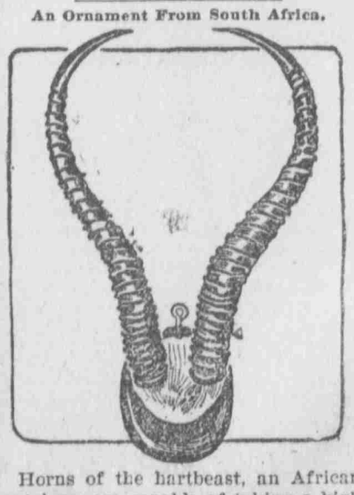
MISS LENORA PORTER.

Pleasanton Porter has been three times elected chief of the Creeks and is a wealthy man. He is well educated and says his daughter shall have as good and thorough an education as money can buy.

An Umbrella Tent.

A new umbrella tent is now used by hunters and soldiers. It has a central pole, with sliding collar and ribs, and is opened and closed like an umbrella. When closed the canvas is rolled around the pole, umbrella fashion.

An Ornament From South Africa.



Horns of the hartbeast, an African antelope, are capable of taking a high polish and are much cherished as ornaments in this country. Mounted on ebony, like those shown in the illustration, they are handsome in the extreme.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cozy Corners Made of Leather.

Leather cozy corners have rather a dubious sound, yet they are cozy, comfortable and artistic; moreover, they are the newest thing in the decorative line. The leather is buckskin, of the softest finish and decorated with the much-favored pyrography. If you are an expert at this work you may get up an elaborate effect at comparatively little cost, but if you have to pay for the decoration as well as the material it is an expensive luxury.

To make a complete "corner" the couch should be covered with the leather, having a conventional border and finished on the bottom with slashed leather to form a deep fringe. The wall on two sides should be covered to a depth of from two to four feet, according to taste, with the leather stamped in some decorative style, a good idea being to represent scenes from Shakespeare or from some other literary source. The couch pillows are covered with leather stamped with scenes to match, or with monogram, coat of arms, floral or conventional design. The natural color of the leather is preferred for all of these effects, but may be varied by a border in olive, maroon or other contrasting shade. The pillows are finished on the edge by a lacing of the two sides together by a leather strip. No other material is to be introduced on pain of spoiling the artistic idea.

The Nursery Ventilation.

The air of the nursery, which includes temperature and ventilation, is a matter to which the mother and nurse should pay the strictest attention. The temperature should never be above seventy degrees, and then only for a premature or very young infant; a temperature of sixty-eight degrees is far better and more healthful, and at night it may be many degrees lower. Children brought up in close, overheated nurseries are always pale, puny, over-sensitive to cold, and much more liable to contract pulmonary disease; babies sleep much better at night if the air in the room is cool and fresh. During the day the air in the nursery should be changed as often as possible—that is, whenever the baby is out of the room. Even if this happens several times a day, take advantage of these absences every time and change the air. When the baby and nurse are out for several hours, let the nursery air during the time, closing the windows perhaps a half hour before they are expected to return. If, when they arrive, the temperature is not quite as high as it should be, it certainly is no colder than the outside air from which the baby has just come. In this case, until the room has its proper warmth the baby's wraps need not be removed. At night when the window is lowered, and the air, therefore, much cooler, protect the crib from any possible draught by drawing a screen about it or even pinning a sheet about the crib.—Marianna Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Lamb Cutlets—The cutlets may be made from the fore quarter of lamb, which is always four or five cents cheaper than the other part. Brush each cutlet over with beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve with mint sauce.

Violet Vinegar—Put into a large glass jar one pint of violet blossoms, pour one quart of good vinegar over them, cover, and set in the sun for fourteen days; then strain through a cheesecloth; pour into small bottles and seal. Use the salad dressings, with salt and pepper added as seasoning.

Cress Butter—Make day previous and keep on ice until luncheon. Wash and pick over a cupful of watercress leaves carefully, mince them very fine and dry in a cloth. Knead with them as much fresh butter as they will take up (about a cup), add a half-teaspoon of salt, a small pinch of white pepper and form into little pats or balls. If preferred, this butter may be spread upon thin slices of bread, sandwich style.

California Snow Dessert—Soak a teacup of tapioca in just water enough to be absorbed. Cook in two cups of milk; if too thick add another half-cup. Shortly before it is done add a half-cup of sugar and a saltspoon of salt. It should be white and creamy. Season delicately with any preferred flavoring. Serve in flat sauce dishes and place a halved pear (canned) on each dish and fill the cavity of the pear with a spoon of whipped cream.

Veal Kidneys and Mushrooms (Polish)—Trim all the fat from twelve kidneys, slice them lengthwise into strips, dust with salt and pepper, flour them, dip in egg, crumb them, fry in butter, browning both sides. Place one dozen stewed spring mushrooms in the centre of the dish; place the kidneys around, and over all pour a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of mustard worked into a gill of oil and two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar.

BEST LIFE FOR HEALTH.

Outdoor Exercise and Its Beneficial Effect on the Nerves.

The London Lancet makes some interesting comments on the effect of conditions in crowded England upon the public health, with the Boers as an example of the benefits accruing from plenty of room, simple habits and outdoor life.

"The ambition of the Boer," says the Lancet, "is to be surrounded by so vast a tract of land that he cannot see the dwelling of his nearest neighbor. Then his occupations are all outdoor occupations. He must ride enormous distances to go to church, to do his shopping, to fetch a medical man, or to pay a visit. For his food supply he depends to some extent upon hunting, and here again we have a health-giving occupation, to say nothing of the incidental fact that this enables him to become an excellent marksman. There is the all important fact that he is exempt from the health wearing trials alike of wealth and of poverty, neither surfeited by luxurious living nor starved for want of the necessities of existence.

"But what in the long run often proves more fatal still is the terrible strain on the nervous system due to the want of leisure, the want of freedom from anxiety caused by our overwrought civilization, and the acuteness of the struggle for existence. The Boer mind is not torn and harassed by the ambitious hope of wealth or the constant dread of bankruptcy, of poverty, debt and starvation. He feels quite safe as to the morrow's existence. His land is not over-populated, but underpopulated.

"He knows nothing either of our sordid poverty, of our overcrowding and of all the insalubrious and degrading conditions bred of misery that accompany and put to shame our wealth. It would not be possible to find a 'submerged tenth' among the Boers. Therefore the Boers are free from those nerve disorders that so largely contribute to destroy the health of the populations in the great commercial centers.

"Even the Boers are taller, stronger and of a more powerful physique than the English. It is quite a common occurrence to meet a Boer six feet six inches in height. The Boer who has taken to town life and acquired town vices may degenerate like other people, but this is not of frequent occurrence. Even those who do live in towns often preserve their primitive and simple methods of existence."

From these considerations the Lancet draws the conclusion that the efforts of legislation and of philanthropy should be directed first to the endeavor to get as large a section of the population as possible back on to the land. We should strive to make town life as similar to country life as possible. Therefore streets should be as broad and houses surrounded with as much open space as circumstances will admit. All accumulations of filth which corrupt the atmosphere of towns should be removed with the utmost celerity, and the means of communication should be so multiplied and reduced in cost as to enable townsfolk to enjoy the maximum of exercise in the open country.

Charles Reade's Motto.

"I propose never to guess what I can know." This motto was rigidly adhered to by the author, whose love of accuracy was so great that he spared no pains to verify every statement he desired to make in any of his novels; grudging no amount of labor which he expended in the accomplishment of this result. He was an indefatigable collector of newspaper clippings from all nations, which he carefully classified and arranged in many scrapbooks. Reports of many institutions, police gazettes, accounts of trials and accidents, and manifold descriptions of all sorts were filed away for future reference. The contents of these scrapbooks were indexed with great care, and from them Charles Reade derived great satisfaction; if ever any of his statements were questioned or his facts denied, he would turn triumphantly to his classified scrapbooks and refute the objections with some positive proof contained therein.—Miss Ticknor, in Truth.

The Cultivated Rubber Tree.

Native Indian gatherers, intent only upon present gain, cannot be expected to be more thoughtful of the future of a tree than they are of their own, and they either cut so deep as to injure the woody fiber of the tree, or leave it with great gaping wounds that cannot heal. It is inadvisable to draw too heavily from the tree, for other reasons than the direct injury that results from the loss of its life-sustaining fluid. Owing to the soft nature of the tree a clean incision made in it will drain but a comparatively small area before the swelling wood closes the wound and stops the flow. In order to drain the trees more completely, the short-sighted natives do not stop at making a cut, but chop out a piece of the bark to prevent the wound filling up. Such an injury soon renders the strongest tree a prey to water, fermentation, ants and beetles that enter the wound and get under the bark.—Modern Mexico.

Why He Skipped Society News.

She had incidentally mentioned an entertainment given the preceding evening, and the chronic bachelor said he hadn't heard of it.

"It was in all the papers," she said in surprise.

"But I never read the society news," he replied.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because," he answered, "that is where the accounts of weddings are printed, and I always try to avoid the sad things of life."—Chicago Post.